THE BACK-TRAIL.

Following on the footsteps of those who have gone before us, obituarily speaking, would seem to be rather a difficult and uncertain process, considering that we have left them so far behind us. The figure of speech, indeed, which is probably of Milesian extraction, implies nothing short of retrogression; as the only way in which we could possibly follow the impressions of ancestral feet, whether bare, buskined, socked, shod or booted, would be by what men, addicted to hound and horn, call "running counter," in other words, taking the back trail. The foot of Fashion, which, like that of the omnipotent Congo by whom the stability of the Union is threatened with inevitable squash, seems to point aft as well as fore, is evidently constructed with a view to this reversed kind of running, for she sometimes backs down a generation or two on the hard road we travel, and anon returns to us with her reticule full of rubbish, with which she pelts us: and sometimes it sticks perseveringly, sometimes drops off when dry.

In these attempts at *rennaissance*, however, Fashion has, sometimes great difficulties to contend with. For instance, her efforts to introduce the ancient Knickerbocker costume on Broadway have as yet succeeded to the extent only of one picturesque and venerable example, the "excellent constitution" of whose leg defies the scurrility of the street critics, who justly object to the combination of "shorts" with spindles.

Peg-top trousers have been brought up by her from a rag-shop, forty years back on the road; the original pair possessing the advantage over the imitation, however, of being plaited prominently over the hips and gathered in with a drawing-string round the ankles. They were called bellows trowsers in those days, from their form; and were, in all probability, worn as far back as the days of Martial, for that keen old blade of Billbo, in one of his lunges at a swell of the period says—

> Bellus homo et magnus, vis idem, Cotta videri;
> Sed qui bellus homo est, Cotta, pusillus homo est.

which may be done into English for modern use, with equal truth and freedom, as follows:

> "How bellows-like my Tompkins blows—and yet, 'tis odd enough,
> The more he like a bellows grows the more he's like a muff!"

The all-round collar is no more modern than peg-tops—the *material* being the only novelty in its adaptation to the throttle of liberty. Years ago, it was much in vogue with the Inquisition, by which tribunal of grace it was ordained of harder texture and tighter device than the present pattern; unlike the specimens we have seen of which, it was fastened with screws, and kept bright with sand-paper instead of soap.

But whither could Fashion have wandered for the stupendous watch-ribands growing so much in favor of late, with a particular division of the phalanx of "swell men?" Apostrophising Fashion on this subject, in nursery rhyme, we ask—

> Goosey, goosey gander
> Where will you wander?

for the length to which this piece of *rennaissance* has already gone is over a foot, and will soon probably have no limit short of the instep. Some lately observed by us on the less distinguished side of Broadway, suggested the idea of a great strap of gutta percha machine-banding, with a fifty-six pound weight at one end, and probably an eight-day clock at the other, to test the toughness and time, and the durability of the fabric, respectively. Nothing less than a windlass could enable a man thus accoutred to disembarrass himself of the time of day.

Perhaps Fashion had a large surplus of riband ends on hand, and took this method of getting them off: in connection with which conjecture we take the liberty of suggesting that the tendency of Fashion to "run counter" may be traced to the fact of her having so long stood before—or behind—one. But if the lady *will* take the back trail, let her bring in some better reminiscences of our forefathers and foremothers than the broad caricatures of their alarming watch-ribands and ultra-balloony skirts. Let her fetch up from "out of the depths," generous dividends of their simple, earnest faith; their strong old-time energy of the sound mind in the stalwart body; their stirring enterprise that walked hand-in-hand with stubborn honesty; their unostentatious hospitality that dispensed good cheer for the sake of good fellowship; their "pure old English undefiled," by WEBSTER and witless innovators, and last, not least, their imperturbable rock-built credit, that was as good as gold.

Bring these things to us, Fashion, by Easter Monday next, and save the Union—there's a good girl!

How are Sardines Cured?

According to Hoyle, says our Cockney.

THE TWIN DEVILS.

Let it not be forgotten at any time that there are two parties of traitors in this Union.

There are the cunning, false, dexterous politicians, who goad on the impetuous Southerners—goad them with false telegrams and false teachings, until they believe that the whole North is raging to crush them down. God knows it is a lie!

And there are the false and ferocious fanatics, who utter cry for cry with the others; who join with them in rejoicing over Secession; who curse the Union, who join hands with the ancient foe against the great conservative body of true Americans. And these be the very children of Evil, for they know better.

Read the following from a late Anti-Slavery Meeting, as reported in the *Liberator* of Jan. 11.

"*Resolved*, That the Union of these States was formed by a compromise of the rights of man, and was therefore self-evidently wrong in its inception, and could only be disastrous in its progress, and sure of an ignominous end.

"*Resolved*, That a union of slavery and liberty is impossible, and we rejoice in the prospect of a dissolution of that abortion called the American Union."

It is the old story this, of the extremes meeting. The despots of Naples and the lazzaroni against the middle class, the seigneurs fraternizing with the *canaille*—the ultra-Catholics and ultra-Puritans linked in Jacobite intrigue—none of this is new, but among them all there has been no unanimity so revolting as this of the Disunion which lit the flame, with the Disunion which is fanning it.

Fanaticism and Folly. Twin born—ye were diabolical in your lives, and in your death ye shall NOT be divided!

OUR EAGLE AND OUR FLAG.

Where break Atlantic's waves in spray
  And thunder-tones on rock-bound shore,
To where Pacific's breakers dash
  On golden sands with murmuring roar:
From northern land white robed in snow,
  To Southern land of sun and flower,
Fly eagles o'er our Freeman's Home,
  Intrepid symbols of our power.

In the blue heaven of Hope there gleam
  The stars our watchers in the night:—
In the red stripe the fire flames out
  To guide us onward in the right;
But the pale white, an angel's hand,
  Waves blessings, constant in increase
While in united ranks we stand,
  Brothers in heart, firm sworn to Peace!

Our Eagle and our Flag on high
  First Freedom's glorious sunrise see:
Last will their emblems grandly shine,
  When sets the sun of Liberty.

A Studio Anecdote.

FORREST was sitting for his portrait, in the studio of an eminent painter. He was in character; dressed for CORIOLANUS, or SPARTACUS, or some other muscular heathen. HENRY WARD BEECHER entered the apartment, addresseda word of greeting to the artist, and was about passing by the tragedian without speaking, when the latter growled slightly and clutched at the air.

"Ha!" exclaimed the divine, "EDWIN FORREST, I believe? pardon me for not recognising you at first, my dear friend, but the fact is that I mistook you for the wooden man—the figure, you know."

"The most unkindest cut of all!" retorted the tragedian, with a blighting expression of chin; "a pet Parson trying to cut a Lay Figure!"

By our Military Contributor.

Q. Why do the Charlestonians hoist the Palmetto flags in place of those of the U. S.?

A. Because they go in for anything that's Trees on.

The worst kind of Tax on a man's temper.

Tacks left sticking up inside his boots.

Miss Dix's Land.

Sing-Sing,

THE THIRD HOUSE.

"A shambles of the parliament hou[illegible]!"

3 *Henry VI*, *Act* 1, *Scene* 1.

LETTER IV.

OF LOBBYMEN ALIMENTARY.

GOOD READER, if you are one of those deluded beings who imagine that a dinner consists of eating at a certain period of the day, I advise you to read no more of this chapter. You won't understand it, and had better turn to Mr. LUDLOW's new story instead, if, indeed, you have not already done so.

To feed is not to dine.

By no means. The "grub," if I may be allowed to use that most expressive but inelegant term, is merely what physicians call a vehicle, just as rhurbarb (pah!) is given to children in jelly, or salt to cattle by admixture with bran. A well regulated dinner should be a social syllogism. Major premise, our friends, Messieurs and Mesdames A, B and C, able to accomplish a certain result: minor, five courses and a desert: conclusion—the certain result to be accomplished, be it a favorable criticism, say on the great work before you, or a nomination for that little place which your friends are trying to force upon you, so much against your wishes, or a bill for the relief of the legal representatives of etcetera, etcetera. In the language of an eminent poet, whose coarseness of expression I am far from defending,

"To win the heart, or get the vote,
The quickest way is down the throat."

The dinner, the true and genuine dinner, is round the table; what is upon it is—I mean no disrespect to the worthy dealers in beef and breadstuffs and greens—"leather and prunella."

There are dinners and then, again there are dinners. There are the White House dinners, gloomy enough; dinners at which, indeed, the diners are glad to eat, and drink without being merry; at which nobody knows anybody else, unless, perhaps, his wife, except distantly and frigidly; arbitrary and rigid affairs. I wonder if anybody ever made a joke at one of them. How pleased our present worthy chief Magistrate must have been. He is so passionately fond of a quiet little joke! I have been trying to imagine the precise state of the man's mind who invented these state dinners, and can't. Once a week they have them. How well the company is selected! This week it is the Judges of the Supreme Court, all alone, who must be delighted to meet each other after having been deprived of that pleasure for a morning and a half; next the Foreign Ministers, in full uniform; then the Senators, A to M, all devotedly attached to each other, again the Representative R to Z (it would hardly be the thing for Messrs. PRYOR and POTTER to "have it out before His Excellency; would it?) Sober citizens sprinkled, to their inward joy; always some such judicious and pleasing arrangement. I have been to many a one myself, in the old times, which I have heard were so much superior to our days (you have been less favored, I dare say;) and I remember how I used always to think, in the pauses, of the funeral baked meats in HAMLET, and how jolly those little affairs must have been in comparison. Everything is formally grand and gloomy, not to say peculiar. You are invited on immense cards, incontinently suggestive of "To Let, Enquire Within." His Excellency goes in first, and helps himself before any of the guests; an example which some public servants I could name have been known to carry into their official life. You are assigned to duty with some one of the stately ladies whom you don't know, by an edict promulgated confidentially through that young gentleman whom everybody takes at first for an assistant Butler, but who is in reality the Private Secretary; and you are told to "take her in" (not the Butler Secretary but the lady.) I can't help sympathizing with the bewilderment of poor old MCGAUKEE, the member from Dakotah: "Take her in?" he bawled. "I don't want to take her in! why in thunder can't she go in alone!"

Then there are the Cabinet dinners, which are miniature editions of those at the White House, only slightly more so. Why do people have such things, when it's so much easier not to? And then there are the glorious VANITY FAIR dinners, (ah!) concerning which the less I say the better, lest the entire populace, fired with my description, should rush into immediate and furious contributorship. And then there are the gorgeous dinners at the Far——

But is this a treatise on gastronomy, or is it not? I am losing sight of my subject.

What influence a dinner can have on legislation may be a puzzling question to you, but it's quite clear to me, who have lived so much more in the world and know all about it. Legislators have stomachs—some, very much so; also, legs; and when the former are filled at your board and the latter mingle with your own and your guests', *sub usdem trabibus*—under your mahogany or oak (I am glad to see the fashion for the latter wood gaining ground,) when you have shared together "the rat-tat-too of knives and forks, the clinkty-clink of glasses;" how is it possible for the veriest mind to feel other than a genial yielding to those valid arguments? I feel it myself. A very little does my business; and four fried and a glass of ale, in a friendly way, will convince me any day, quite as effectually as Mr. MILL's most masterly logic. Did not the great original Lobbyman go into the business with only an apple? The result of that little transaction has been before the public for some years, and I feel that comment is unnecessary. SPUYDERS understands all this perfectly, and his dinners are really delightful. His assortments of goods—I mean guests—are so well made. You always know that you dove-tail with somebody, and that you won't be stuck, as they have done me at the White House, next to Judge TANEY, of whom you stand in venerating awe, or to little TOM TITTS, whom you cordially despise, and who, knowing you are a funny man, makes a point of telling you the next to last joke (your own perhaps) in a shockingly mangled condition. I was at a little dinner at SPUYDERS gave only last week, though I'm sure I don't know why I call it "little," except as a diminutive of endearment. What a nice time we had, to be sure. There were JOE GORMANDY, who is a splendid and very effective diner, and Major GUTTENSON; and Mr. SEWARD, and General LANE, and Dr GIVIN,* and JIMPSON, who, strange to say, has been a politician all his life without ever holding any office, except in the Lobby; and that fellow JOBSBY. I forget who all the ladies were, but I remember my old friends MRS. EPLETTS, and that charming person, her mother, and MRS. SPUYDERS, of course, who tried to talk literature to me under the impression that it was the right thing to do. She asked me if I had read Rutledge, and I said I didn't; also, with a little exclamation of deprecating surprise, whether I had read it, and I told her I hadn't. Then I asked her, maliciously, whether she had seen my farce, Among The Missing, or Accept These Bonds; whereat she said she had heard of it and it was very funny. It must be, if she had heard of it—for I hadn't. And oh! what a stupid fellow I am! There was Mrs. GORGESS, the splendid new widow, got up with a lavish disregard of expense, whose costume I could describe elegantly, if it were not indescribable of man. She impressed me with a vague floating belief that the dear departed was TIFFANY & Company, who had left her the heiress to Golconda in her own right, on condition of the perpetual exhibition of samples. I like to see a lady crowded with jewelry, especially of a very large and showy kind. It's so "genteel," you know. The widow has such frank ways about her, too, and will tell you the price of her splendor, for the asking; sometimes, they do say, without that ceremony.

As I don't dine, habitually, at nominal six o'clock, but approximately seven; I took a plate of soup about an hour before starting, in order not to seem unduly hungry, and attired in my dress coat, (which I abhor) and the usual extras, presented myself, at the appointed time, before the radiant Mrs. SPUYDERS and her urbane spouse. The company were nearly all there when I arrived (I make it a point of coming in late; it puts every one in a good humor with you,) and engaged in the subdued chat which precedes little dinners. As I looked around the room, and my glance fell upon the worthy magnates and minimates assembled, upon GORMANDY and GUTTENSON and JIMPSON and the great JOBSBY, I saw, in a moment, with the eye of a *connoisseur* what the dinner was for. It was posh. You may not be aware of the fact, but it is nevertheless so, that the interests of manufactures require that something should

* Don't be the least alarmed, my dear sir, or Madam; of course you know, I never did actually dine with these three worthy Senators. But it gives an air of awful respectability, especially in the rural districts, to mention the names of such very great men.

He wants to know, you know.

Mr. JOHN SIDELL, we observe, wishes to know of the Senate, whether "JOHN B. FLOYD at pres ent fills the office of Secretary of War." We presume the next thing he will be saying to J. B., will be something like the Irishman in the fight, to his adversary: "Ef yure not in airnest, JIMMY, let go yure Holt."

White Gunpowder.

The ship *Albino*—appropriate name—has just arrived at this port with a cargo of white gunpowder. It is described in the invoices as Salt for the Cure of Sedition.

We hope the federal bacon may be saved without it.

Rather Classical.

The difference between Fort Sumter and South Carolina is antithetical. Fort Sumter representing the Union, *multum in parvo*—Great in a Little: South Carolina is a little ingrate.

Newest Arithmetic.

Nullification is vexation,
Secession is as bad,
The Chivalry doth puzzle me
And Charleston makes me mad.

A Word to the Wise (H. A.)

Shut up.

The Best Liberty-Cap.

A Good Percussion.

THE UPPER TENDENCY.

BAWB—"AW DON'T LIKE GOING TO WAH TO FIGHT IN TWENCHES AND THINGS. AW THINK AW SHALL GO AS A VIVANDIERE, AND CAWWY A LITTLE KEG OF MAWASCHINO."

be done with potash; something about the tariff, I think. I believe they wanted to make it free of duty, or to raise the duty, or something of that sort, but am not certain. But I know that JOBSBY has the interests of potash at heart, and this little dinner was for potash. I half expected the servant, when he slid the folding doors back, to remark that potash was on the table, but he only said dinner. I took in FANNY EPLETTS, to her evident disappointment. There was a time, Miss, when—— But that's neither here nor there. A very nice dinner, indeed. Just the right number of people. We had a thin French soup made of little crisps of toasts, and brownish salt water; "three raw" all round; roast turkey, chops and green peas; sweet-breads and ditto; duck, questionably canvas-back, partridge or quail, whichever name you please, we had what CARRAWAY LEE facetiously calls "cold vittles," meaning ice-cream; we had *Charlotte Russe*, that vile lathery insult to the memory of the excellent lady in question, we had *blanc-mange* (why do they have *blanc-mange*? Does it taste? I deny it,) we had apples and oranges, which nobody was expected to eat, but of which Mrs. JOBLEY proceeded to appropriate the finest specimens "for the children," and nuts and raisins, and oh! anything that they have at well regulated dinners. We were waited on by messengers from the Departments—colored gentlemen of unimpeachable dignity. "ALONZO," I said to one of them, in the middle of an awkward pause: "I'll try a little more of that potash."

"Sir!" says the puzzled but immovable ALONZO.

"What does he say?" cries Mrs. SPUYDERS.

"Oh, you wicked man," simpers FANNY. "Don't mind him, Mrs. SPUYDERS; it's only one of his awful jokes."

JOBSBY glares befogged resentment. ("Must be a d—d fool," I overhear him remark afterwards, quite illogically, "what's he mean by talken that way? H'm?) "I only asked for the claret," I explain innocently. "It reminds me of some wine I had one day in Constantinople. I was dining with my friend the Sultan, just *en famille*, you know; and says he 'MOTLEY, old boy'—he always called me by my first name—'MOTLEY, old boy, try some of this old KIOSK. Some of the very best in the country, Sir, made for my own private minaret'"——

"Kiosk. What in the world is that?" interposed SPUYDERS.

"Light wine of Turkey," says I, "pure juice of the jannissary grape; has a fez about it that is perfectly delicious and"——

"I thought Mussulmon didn't drink. How about the Koran?" says SEWARD.

(I never thought of that.)

I laid the forefinger of my right hand gently against the side of my nose, as if I were about to sneeze out of one nostril and wanted not to.

WILLIAM appeared to be pleased with the explanation.

Well, at the proper time there was a general moving of chairs and the ladies rustled into the parlor, leaving us men to our wine and cigars. Then as we settled cosily down to smoke, and as I leisurely sipped that curious old brown sherry that SPUYDERS got so cheap at the Siberian Minister's sale (I never drink champagne, it fizzes up against the bridge of my nose and then headaches,) I know that the business of the evening was to be done. That little potash affair was to be fixed. How JOBSBY glowed over it. He wasn't interested in it at all, himself; oh dear no! Not in the least, though he had a great many good friends in the business, he must confess, but then it was surely a sin and a shame to see how potash had been neglected. He must say that if our public men gave a little more attention to such subjects, it would be a great deal better for the country, etcetera, etcetera, etcetera. And the brown sherry was really capital.

The fact is, I didn't exactly understand all he said, but I knew that when the coffee came in I took mine with a reassuring conviction that potash was all right, at least, and the country safe for a few days, at all events.

. . . . . .

"I wish you had been there," I said to CARRAWAY, when I got back to my room and found him waiting for me as usual; "it was such a nice little dinner."

As for Westphalia!

The bursting up of a Cincinnati Pork-House is your real West Failure.

BROOKLYNIMENT FOR SORE CONSCIENCES.

"Now we go up, up, upee,
And now we go down, down, downee."
Old Song.

XCELLENT folks, those across the Ferry.

Queer people those Brooklynites! They have builded unto themselves an Academy of Music, that which a better does not stand, and on Tuesday evening it was inaugurated by a Grand Operatic Concert. In accordance with a singularly and entirely unexampled habit of speech making on all occasions, one of the Directors, who is most prone to gablement and eloquacity, gave utterance to an oratim. And the substance thereof was, that Brooklyn people abhorred the Drama, regarding it as vile, unChristian, and that it therefore became his duty to guard carefully their doors and keep the monster out.

Whereupon the Christian Papas and the Christian Mamas clapped and slapped vociferously ye floore, endorsing the statement to a dot.

Instantly the cremonas were scraped—the brazen horns tooted, ye winde instruments together with ye mettalic did together make a joyful noise, and on came the Heavy Villain, who does "Leporello" in that eminently sanctimonious work entitled "Don Giovanni," and rattled off with great gusto the almost interminable list of his master's undone mistresses—a catalogue which elicited nary blush, but "Loud Applause." So far so good. Especially for Brooklyn.

On Thursday night there was a ball—a revellorious ball at which were all the Great and Good of Brooklyn—there was also a Bar, and around that Bar were symposiac meetings, the cost of each individual libation being "ONLY TEN CENTS," and this we call Funny No. Two.

"To night (Tuesday) the dear people who wouldn't look at CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN for a dollar, or at BOOTH for nine shillings, are enjoying (the charming Pharisees,) the Opera of "La Traviata," the life of Camille, the "Great Moral Drama" of the XIX. Century.

And that we call Funny No. Three.

NO LAW AND YET A GREAT DEAL OF IT.

Anybody who rides, as our Miserable Contributor has done, every day in GEORGE LAW'S Eighth-avenue line of rickety horse-cars, feels like saying something unpleasant to somebody. Such a nasty mess! Such abominably over-crammed, hot, stifling, bestrapped and besaddled concerns! Such an utter absence of regard for decent Law, and so much affection for GEORGE LAW, nobody ever saw and nobody ever will see inside of this lawless *cow*. If there could be no other punishment for GEORGE, here or hereafter, our Miserable Contributor suggests that, by penal enactment, he be confined forever in one of his own rolling prisons, in company with at least Ninety Laws, all staring him in the face and trading on his gouty toes.

VANITY FAIR proposes an amendment to this proposition. It is this: condemn GEORGE to be thrown, bound hand and foot, into a select company of his daily victims. Bless you, GEORGE! the "infuriated populace" would make such sharp and sudden work with you, that even "Live-oak" wouldn't save you.

Comparative.

They say a lioness fights sharper than a lion: a tigress is fiercer than a tiger. We now can understand that our Congress is more slippery than a conger.

By our German Contributor.

Q. Vot tid Alterman B——r do ven he cot hardt up?
A. He went and Sought Wood.

THE JOLLY MILLERS.

Mr. GARDINER, the Bristol jailer, has devised an improvement of the treadmill. The prisoners, at every step they take, call up to view a letter or a word, and are thus taught the alphabet and reading, while they are at work "By degrees," says a cotemporary, "they become able to read a chapter in the Bible."

And delightful associations will they form of piety with punishment. In some institutions—that of the Sabbath for instance—the Bible has been identified with repose and peace. But in the treadmilitary system of Puritan GARDINER, he who has once been under arrest, is to know no rest either of body or mind, and texts are identified with torture. It is, however, curious to observe that in this GARDINER'S system of culture the college idea of "grinding" or learning lessons is literally identified with its great molinary type and original.

A Nursery Rhyme, Newly Set.

When ANDREW JACKSON ruled this land,
He was a President,
Who always did the thing he said,
And said the thing he meant.
A proclamation he did make,
And stuffed it well with threats,
And put in pluck enough to stop
The bluster of two Rhetts.
The Nullifiers read thereof,
And all the South beside,
And never tried that game again,
Till ANDREW JACKSON died.

A General Row.

General SANDFORD is at it again. He has offered the whole First Division as a sacrifice. CHARLES is an uneasy old boy. He made a nice thing of the Prince's parade, and now he wants to make a nicer one of the corpses of the Seventh Regiment *et al* If we didn't already pay our militia fine ($0.75 per annum) with the most conscientious exactness, we should run off and do it at once, anything to get rid of the power of this dreadfully bloody-minded, foolish old man, who is always doing something absurd, and in this case, diabolical. Will somebody stop CHARLES?

Pickens and Stealings.

The "unkindest cut" was that of the Washington nabobs, (who pull the purse-strings, you know,) when they honored Governor PICKENS' draft for $3000 by sending him an order on the Charleston Sub-Treasury.

Considering that the Governor had already got all he could out of the government chest, it was a mild sarcasm of the Treasuryman to ask him to "help himself." God is said to help those who help themselves, but we would not advise PICKENS to depend on such aid, not in this instance at least.

Three Blind Rats.

CONTEMPTUOUSLY INSCRIBED, WITHOUT PERMISSION, TO MESSRS. COBB, FLOYD, AND THOMPSON.

Rats leave a sinking ship, they say:
Would you the reason seek?
The rats know best how long to stay,
They helped to make the leak.

The vermin's flight let none dismay,
Let none from duty shrink;
All hands to work, the leak to stay!
THE GOOD SHIP SHALL NOT SINK!

Gag-Law.

The Mississippians have planted a battery under the Vicksburg hill, to bring boats to and prevent the navigation of the river. This is a new phase of the gag-law, stopping the mouth of the Father of Waters with a brass cannon.

The Head of the First Division.

General Dissatisfaction.

The first qualification for a Caricaturist.

An Etching Palm.

THE PRIMPENNY FAMILY.

BY FITZ-HUGH LUDLOW.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER IV.

Hardly had the melancholy Muffles been dragged away from the main-body on which he relied for moral support, like the forlornest of forlorn hopes to encounter Mrs. McCrowder and her possibly murderous pillows, when Ann Eliza began to show signs of returning consciousness. Mr. Primpenny was pursuing the usual means of resuscitation with the utmost assiduity. He not only bathed the forehead of the beautiful creature who lay lifeless before him, patted her hands and tickled her nose, but he had removed one of the fascinating little bronze slippers for the purpose of restoring circulation to the foot, and was regarding that very shapely pedestal with an interest only explicable on the ground of conscientious desire to become thoroughly acquainted with every symptom of the case. When Ann Eliza opened her eyes, he dropped the slipper and assumed a most deceptive look of innocence, but she was not yet sufficiently restored to chide him, and indeed made no sign of noticing him at all. Then she dropped her silken lashes, and murmured, "Am I alive? Am I really alive?" With a due regard to the facts of the case Mr. Primpenny replied in the affirmative, and at the same time altered the treatment slightly by squeezing one of the hands which he had patted before. He leaned over the prostrate form of the beauty, stroked the curls away from her forehead, and was surprised by suddenly feeling her arms once more about his neck.

"Oh darling, I am so glad, I'm not—dead!" said Ann Eliza faintly.

"I am very glad too, Miss McCrowder," replied Mr. Primpenny. For the first time she seemed to hear his voice. Her large blue eyes opened wide with an expression of terror, and hurriedly unclasping her arms she exclaimed: "Oh forgive me—*do* forgive me, I thought you were my mother!"

"Think so still, Miss McCrowder, keep thinking so," said Mr. Primpenny gallantly.

"Oh I am *so* ashamed! I never, *never* shall get over it!" murmured Ann Eliza. "Tell me you're sure I thought it was my mother—or—or—or—I'm getting very faint again. Ah!"

"Certainly you did!" replied Mr. Primpenny. "Now that you speak of it, I don't know but there's really quite a little resemblance between Mrs. McCrowder and me. Do you feel better?"

"Oh yes, *so* much better!" said Ann Eliza, casting from the languid blue eyes a look of infinite meaning. Mr. Primpenny felt himself in the receipt of a vote of thanks to the extent of several reams.

Just then a mountain of pillows appeared through the door at the head of the lounge, behind which Mrs. McCrowder and Mr. Muffles might be legitimately inferred, though as yet invisible. Mrs. McCrowder dropped her load on Miss McCrowder's head, and having thus effectually rendered her inaudible, exclaimed with admirable consistency: "Speak to me, Ann Eliza! Let me hear your voice once more, darling." Mr. Primpenny having arranged the pillows and thus saved the young lady from suffocation, the mother fell into the daughter's arms, and for a moment there occurred one of those scenes of family affection which remind the stoic that he is still human.

Mr. Muffles took advantage of Mrs. McCrowder's maternal occupation to whisper in Mr. Primpenny's ear that she had said nothing about the board bill. Mr. Primpenny waved him away with a look of sublime disgust. The idea of obtruding upon this moment of holiest sentiment such a base business consideration as a board bill! As soon as Mrs. McCrowder had arisen and wiped away the tears of motherly fondness, Mr. Primpenny pulled out his pocket-book.

"By the way, Muffles," said he, "(Ladies you must excuse me for speaking of these affairs at such a time, but Mr. Muffles is so generous that he has repeatedly refused to pay attention to them at any other) I want to settle up the balance I owe you on that bay trotter. Sixty-five I think it was, heh?" remarked Mr. Primpenny firmly, fixing on Mr. Muffles a look of stern command quite inexplicable on the ground of the usual relations between debtor and creditor.

"No, my dear boy, only fifty!" replied Mr. Muffles hesitatingly.

"Muffles! you'd better attend more strictly to your business affairs. I've told you so a dozen times already, and I tell you again! I've got a memorandum of it somewhere. I say it *is* sixty-five."

He accordingly deposited that sum in Mr. Muffles' palm. Mr. Muffles held it for a moment with an uncertain grasp as if he really didn't know what to do with so much ready money. Mrs. McCrowder looked steadily through the ventilator over the door, and was too deeply abstracted in the study of the entry ceiling to be suspected of the slightest idea that anything pecuniary was going on. As for Miss McCrowder, she had risen from the sofa and wandered away to read the *Express* by the light of the pier brackets, where she was absorbed beyond the possibility of knowing anything about dollars and cents. It was, therefore, with nothing short of a painful shock, that Mr. Muffles called the attention of the elder lady to the fact that he desired to place forty dollars of the amount just acquired by him, in her hands for safe keeping.

This delicate business being concluded, Mrs. McCrowder asked what was the cause of Ann Eliza's attack, for Ann Eliza, gentlemen, was not a girl who fainted easily. Ann Eliza replied excitement. That horrible Hoonta you know. Those Spanish gentlemen were enough to frighten anybody. Mr. Primpenny was about to make further explanations, but Ann Eliza cast on him such a beseeching look that he desisted, and denied himself the pleasure of paying a tribute to her in the form of epic narrative, which he had been forming in his mind upon the basis of this exordium, "She fell in the noble endeavor to save a human life!" Mrs. McCrowder said she meant to get out of the Spanish line of business as soon as possible. They were perfect gentlemen, those Cubans, but they would enjoy themselves in such a way that people thought they were angry, and pass the compliments in a style that actually made you believe that there were a set of firemen fighting in the house. They shouldn't hold the Hoonta there another night, *that* was flat, at any rate. And finally, said Mrs. McCrowder, "Wouldn't a very small wine-glass of hot rum make you feel a little stronger, my dear?"

"Why don't you make one of your nice punches for the gentlemen?" suggested Ann Eliza.

"To be sure!" said Mrs. McCrowder. "How thoughtless in me! Will Mr. Primpenny and Mr. Muffles try a little of my very mild hot rum?"

"Hot rum, Madam, is a weakness with me," answered Mr. Primpenny.

"On the contrary," replied Mr. Muffles, "it's *my* strong point."

Mrs. McCrowder laughed heartily at this sally of her lodger's,

as the first evidence of light-heartedness which that unfortunate man had been emboldened to make within the last month—at the commencement of which period he descended into the Financial Valley of Humiliation; and then, leaving Ann Eliza, in spite of a shrinking manner caused by the unerased memory of late events, to entertain the gentlemen very nicely, she departed to brew the punch.

In the course of fifteen minutes she returned, accompanied by Teague and a waiter, whereon stood a generous bowl of gilt china smothered in its own fragrant incense, goblets, and a plate of macaroons, éclairs and sponge cake.

"You may set the punch down, Teague," said Mrs. McCrowder.

"Faix and it's much rather *putting* it down I'd be," replied Teague, obeying the order. "Oh! don't I wish I was yerselves!" (This last with one amorous wink at the punch and another of the utmost sapience at Mr. Muffles.)

"You may leave the room, Teague," added Mrs. McCrowder majestically.

"An' so I will, Mim, with a pair in me hear-r-rt too! If there's too little sugar, or too few spoons, or *too much poonch*," spoke Teague patronizingly, "all yes have to do is to ring. I'm at me usual place o' bizness, in the back cellar clainin' knives. To be found at all hours o' the day and night. Ordhers respectfully solicited."

"He's only a blundering Hishman," said Mrs. McCrowder, with an excited effort at calmness, as Teague went out of the door with a selected fragment of his native jig, "and I keep him for pity more than anything. Mr. Muffles knows the trouble I have with him, and he can tell you how to make allowances."

Mr. Muffles thus appealed to, was on the good-natured point of suggesting at least one advantage in Teague, to wit, that he was cheap at four dollars a month, but refrained upon reflecting that this might not be a palatable piece of consolation. So he silently held out his tumbler in the direction of the ladle, which in Mrs. McCrowder's hand was making advances towards it.

With the circulating punch the different members of the parte carrée grew much better acquainted with each other. Mrs. McCrowder was with difficulty prevailed on to taste any of her own brew. Ann Eliza could hardly be persuaded that it would really do her any good. Both the ladies expressed a fear in regard to the effects of the potable. Not that it would *inebriate*. That is a *male* effect solely. But because it *would go to their head*. *That* is something which by the strictest contingency *may* happen to ladies. This perhaps you have observed. Nevertheless the ladies were at last entreated. They took their thimbles full in time to the gentlemen's tumblers, and so, after their piquant canary-bird manner, hob-nobbed very pleasantly over their macaroons.

Mrs. McCrowder at length felt compelled to go and give out things for the morning. The servants were so unreliable. They were forever scanting the coffee, or using the cooking butter for the table, or cutting the bread overnight and leaving it to be dry at breakfast. She positively could not let them go on in their own way. Mr. Muffles now discovered, for the first time, why his coffee had hitherto been occasionally weak, his bread like a newly discovered form of leather chemically made edible, and his butter a variety of superior wagon-grease adapted to bread. Accordingly, as she departed he rose to his feet and toasted her in the third tumbler. The manner was original, being the following:—

"Mrs. McCrowder—the noblest of her sex—may she thrive!"

Everybody assented to this convivial proposition. Ann Eliza kissed her mother with an innocent freshness, tantalizing as usual to the male guests, and Mrs. McCrowder departed, enjoining the gentlemen to enjoy themselves.

"Since toasts are in order," remarked Mr. Primpenny, with a degree of enthusiasm he had not permitted himself to feel since he became complicit with the murder of a muleteer in Spain, by discovering his body inanimate from extreme old age, in the house of a peasant on the Sierras; "let us remember the lovely woman who still remains with us. Blessings brighten as they take their flight. The blessing still left us is Miss McCrowder. Miss McCrowder then! The Pocahontas of a degenerate age. Though living in the atmosphere of the nineteenth century—an atmosphere which has not been generally considered as conducive to the developement of heroism—she nobly rushed into the fray; and from the savage hordes of still more savage men (for so the poets tell us) saved the heart of a noble youth—at least I would say *a* youth—from the steel of the assassin. That youth, I frankly acknowledge to have been myself. I may not have made the expression thoroughly terse and scientifically correct, but my feelings are the same, Miss McCrowder!"

The young lady modestly dropped her serried array of curls in acknowlegement of the honor.

"The sentiment is just, and supported by facts," concisely answered Mr. Muffles, corroborating his assent by a draught which revealed the bottom of his tumbler.

"Mr. Primpenny," said Miss McCrowder, "I don't know but I ought to apologize for saying it, yet you are flattering me, I'm sure. I happened to be at the door of Mr. Bassuras' room. He always has a great noise there when the Hoonta meets. *That* I shouldn't have been surprised at, but to-night I heard the words: "I'll kill you!" I know I'm a foolish girl, and I gave way to my feelings. I rushed in, and God what I know has everlastingly lost me your respect. *Do* forgive me!"

Just at this instant Teague knocked at the door, and then naturally perceiving that there would be no time to answer "come in" in that fraction of a second which he cared to pass outside, entered without the useless formality.

"Twenty-four," remarked he, rapidly, "wants three bottles o' claret, spoons, sugar, ice and toomblers. Sorra the wine ye'll git at the expinse o' this house, say I, till ye pay the six wakes back ye're owin', and that's ordhers. So he told me to go to the devil an' shyed a boot-jack at me head, which was natherally intinded for the other extrimities, if I know onything of jommethry, an' I've come straight to Mrs. McCrowder. Purty doin's, *thim!*" said Teague, with a look of injured dignity at the gentlemen.

"Mrs. McCrowder is not here!" answered the young lady of that name, reddening to the temples, and speaking with a marked degree of asperity.

"No more she isn't," continued Teague, "but that isn't the thing I wanted to know. It's where *is* she?"

"Teague! leave the room sir!" said Miss McCrowder,

And Teague left. Mr. Primpenny's sympathy in the mortifying position of Miss McCrowder, led him to take another tumbler of punch. It seemed to fill up the gap and give him time to think what he had been saying

"Ah, yes!" said he after a moment, "I owe my life to you. Shall I ask *how* you saved me? Shall the fainting warrior blame the gleaming sword which dazzles his eyes as it is interposed between him and the murderous foe? Shall I think when Miss McCrowder's golden curls fell on my cheek, and her snow-white arms encircle my neck, to shield me from the malice of the assassin, that these curls, these arms, were not in accordance with the relentless mandates of a cold and heartless society—No! The great glory of woman is that in emergency she forgets herself—the world—all but her own noble heart! It is in peril that the woman shines out. Miss McCrowder you have been heroic! I respect—and still more, (with all reverence I say it) I adore you!"

"She's a noble woman. That's a fact, no denying it," said Mr. Muffles, with the Spartan brevity of sentences and Roman dignity of manner. "For instance, last, Sunday I looked sad. It was Sunday evening. We have tea on Sunday evening. Consists of buiscuits—cold meat—and the herb which cheers—but not inloxicates. The saying is Cowper's. Cowper is slow. But my favorite poet. I like poetry. Have written myself. Chiefly in Albums. Can't say I like Albums. Have to write in them for young ladies. Something of a bore. Where was I?"

"You were speaking about last Sunday evening," said Mr. Primpenny on nettles, because he wanted to go on with his little speech.

"To be sure. Looked sad on Sunday evening. Know I looked sad. Felt I was looking sad. Strangers around me suspected melancholy news. Lost near relation. Something of that kind. No such thing. Under a cloud. You know what cloud, Primpenny. Cloud financial description. Very bad cloud, financial. Anybody tell me take my pick? say almost any other kind. Miss McCrowder looked at me. Asked me to have cup of tea. Miss McCrowder pours tea. Sunday night. Thought do my headache good. Didn't have headache. But said take tea. Miss McCrowder gave me cup. Own fair hands. Didn't put any hot water in it. Stronger than usual. Mark of sympathy. Havn't forgot little kindness. Heroic woman Miss McCrowder. 'Nother tumbler punch."

Mr. Primpenny leaned over to Mr. Muffles' ear and whispered, "Don't you think you've taken too much punch, Old Boy?"

"Shouldn't be surprised," replied Muffles frankly.

"Suppose you go over to yonder window and read the *Express* till you feel better," said Mr. Primpenny, with an air of benignant patronage.

"Good idea. Do it directly. Not taken too much punch yourself?" Seem excited. Talk brilliantly, but fast. Come along too. Read *Express*."

"You're very drunk, Muffles. I am only overcome by my feelings."

"Well. Stay where you are. Only don't do anything foolish." After all this conversation which had gone on *sotto voce*. Mr. Muffles arose and walked steadily away to the window, and began reading the paper at the rate of one line every five minutes, and

with such a dogged determination to get some kind of meaning out of it that persons not acquainted with his spirituous phases of character, might have supposed him asleep sitting up straight. Mr. Muffles was one of those gentlemen who never give any outward signs of their punch, except in the manifest desire not to show it. Being uncertain where they will land if they let themselves out, they refrain so hard that their sentences assume an oracular brevity and judicial solemnity. They are like a very small horse stepping short because they are aware that a long stride will tumble them on their noses.

Mr. Primpenny on the other hand became under the effects of punch, a winged steed. He increased with every tumbler in a sense of gigantic power which made him eventually quite dramatic. He was wont to think that if he could stay at the third tumbler, he would conquer the world in one year, or with the greatest ease become the poet of the nineteenth century. He acquired from punch a happy facility of doing bold things gracefully, which, notwithstanding his thorough cultivation in social arts, was many times his envy in less elevated hours. Accordingly, on Mr Muffles' departure from the little table, he sat himself down on the same sofa with Miss McCrowder, and with gallant strightforwardness took her hand.

(*To be continued.*)

By our Pious Contributor.

Why should a gentleman who is in a hurry be enslaved (according to Southern views)? Because he is An Eager Man.

Military Mechanics.

Drills are bores!

Rarey-ty.

A horse that RAREY can't tame.

HARD TIMES.

Retired Four Cent Man.—WHY I THOUGHT YOU WAS DOING FIRST RATE IN THE MAP BUSINESS, JIMMY?

Jimmy.—YES! BUT WOT'S MAPS? THE FOLKS SES TO ME "WHAT DO WE WANT WITH MAPS—WE LOOK AT A PLACE ON THE MAP TO-DAY—BUT WHAT WILL WE FIND THERE TO-MORROW?"

Four Cent Man.—WELL, JIMMY, I SYMPATHISES WITH YOU.

ÆSTHETICS OF HANGING.

Parson BROWNLOW's paper contains the following:—

"A fellow recently passed through Roane Co., (Tenn.) talking disunion talk and cutting up considerably, as we have been told. The Union men laid hold of him and hung him with a grape vine, and so choked him that he *had liked not to recover*. They made his swear to support the Constitution, and fight for the general Government, as well as to talk in future on the side of the Union."

Rather a refreshing item that! Patriots of Tennessee, you are undoubtedly bricks and men of extra humane tendencies! Old PIERRE LYONNET was'nt a circumstance to you! He Clarenced his insects in wine, before pursuing his scientific investigations: but you enwreath your victim with the living bloom. Should any obnoxious remarks of ours offend that delicate organ (not the N. Y. *Herald* but) the public ear, we respectfully desire (*ascensionem expectans*) to be consigned to you. We respect men who appreciate æsthetics and apply 'em to private life—in fact, we may say, we adore them—and this is certainly one great proof of the æsthetic development of the age.

Gentlemen of the Seventh Regiment, attention! The Big Thing, the "What Is It?" will not go up, and Senator CRITTENDEN's resolution will, for the age, the wonderful, revivified, fragrant age, recognizes the existence of poetry, art, A. S. F.—and so forth, you know—even in its pendant executions! Hurra for the world, any how, and for Tennessee in very particular! "Hung with a grape-vine?" Can't you guess it? That's what we call a criminal conundrum of the most flagrant odor, piquant and terrible. Look out for a revolution of the woolsack there! Judge LYNCH delivering his charge with a *thyrsus* in his hand! If this thing progresses where will it end! Directly every Hottentot will have his Madonna straight from the Vatican, and BAMES JORDEN GENNETT, in pastures new, will employ his surly old age in reading fresh FIELDS, bound elegantly and rurally with half-calf; while the TOOMBS, skipping radiantly about the greensward, will entertain him with no more doleful sounds than Adagios in B. (Big, you know) flat, scientifically evolved from a pipe of Arcadian reeds!

Oh, happy disunionist! What visions unutterable were his! What perfume of vinous cataracts delectated, delighted and demented him! what melodies he heard! what Bacchantes he saw! Oh Maraschino! oh Justice! oh Euthanasia! Go on, gentlemen! we commend our be-be- (excuse these tears) -loved country to you. *Facilis est decensus Averni.* Let us sing with Vergniaud and other—patriots, "*Am Rein, am Rhein dort wachsen unsere Reben!*"

Seriously though, since those who have tried hanging, and have been cut down, tell us that 'tis the delightfulest of deaths, full of visions, bees, delicious delirium, hasheesh-fantasie—just imagine what a vinic luxury it must have been, to be thus pendent. Blessed Lady of the Flagons, wert thou not near to bear the parting soul to the Mecca of Rabelais? Would not all the Dyonisiacs of Nonnus whirl through the raptured brain!

Jacche! O Jacche, Lord of Horns,
Father of the circling course of ages,
Tremendous Bacchus!
Moon wearing god of land and sea,
Father and Mother and Light o o o

Oh, Tennesse! It must have been so, You Know, for does not the Parson tell us that the one thus pendulated "had Liked not to recover."

The Long of it and the Short of it.

The Thirty-two-pounder and the Twelve-pounder discharged at the "Star of the West" from Morris Island.

The Ground South Carolina wishes to Take.

That on which Fort Sumter now stands.

How to keep the Wolf from the Door.

Board it out.

THE GREAT LUNACY.

F all the stuff!

Of all the follies in this puffed up, fond, foolish, squealing, blustering, stickling, quibbling, grea[sing] in small and small in great affair of Vanity Fair which men c[all] the world, there is none so piquantly relishing to the Mephisto[pheling] man, as that whereby Humanity goads itself into madness, [h]eroism and other immensely Big Things, when it knows all the [w]hile—clearly and nearly as can be—that the pretence is all Bosh!

Now here is Disunion. Friend o[f] the Western Land, man of the Border, you of the Decent division [o]f the Yankees, and you oh Cosmopolite New Yorker—yes, and [y]ou—upright and honest Southern friend—is there an everlasting one of you who believes that there's the faintest speck of a cause of complaint in all the present difficulty which cannot be rea[di]ed by amending the Constitution and remedied by Concession?

You Know there isn't. The only r[e]al obstacles are Folly on the one side and Rule or Ruin on the ot[h]er. And a great majority of the people know this—those by Jove, who have the Power!—yet for all this the trouble isn't put down.

Ah—it's delightful to consider.

But still more lovely is it, (oh Sophronius) when we see ferocious lunatics—ultras—at either end of the great see-saw beam of the Union, dashing it ferociously up and down, trying to break it to infinite smash—while the good souls who sit in the middle and are awfully jolted keep crying out sadly "Oh don't! please don't now." Confound your pudding-headism, brothers of the South and North, why can't you Act? Southerner—you needn't talk Blague to us—we know that king or cavalier, when the pocket pinches and the Dire Need comes, feels badly. You haven't much love for these ultra-lunatics—you'll have less before you're done with them.

Our friend At the Corner—we mean Lieutenant Raymond of the *Times*, has punctured this thing acutely. Permit an extract!

> "Devil with devil damned, firm concord holds!" "For ourselves," says the Charleston *Mercury* of Thursday last, "we look to the Abolitionists for the deliverance of the South." When the *Mercury* reads the speech of Wendell Phillips, which we publish this morning, it will see that it has substantial ground for its reliance. There is not a Disunionist in Charleston so eager for the overthrow of the Constitution, and the destruction of the American Union, as this man,—the head and front of Abolitionism in the Northern States.

E vero Raimundo!

Truly it is delightful to see Wendevil Phillips and the Mercurial friend smiting hands, rejoicing one with another, cheering each other on—making common cause against the Union!

"Oh don't—please, good gentlemen—do—o—on't!"

IL GIURAMENTO.

Vanity Fair goes to the Opera. Vanity Fair is Musical. So with his lorgnette and cap, Vanity went to see *Il Giuramento*. It was a great many years since that wonderful mass of jealousy, vengeance, poison, and other Agrigentian and Taorminian ingredients had come in his way, and he wanted to revive the souvenirs of innocent and pious youth, when with Hortense and Lisette he was wont to wander from the *rue de la Harpe* even unto the Opera Comique.

And he was duly fascinated by Colson, for whom by, the way, Vanity secretly cherishes an U. P.—unrequited passion, yon know—and was charmed by Phillipina, and was very glad to see Old Brig on his pins again as whaley as ever, and split his glove applauding Ferri, (the other one was demolished in welcoming Colson)—and all went merry as a M. B—when suddenly all peace of mind was destroyed by the reflec—"what in fulmination *is* the plot anyhow?"

Vanity went to work. First he read the argument. Somebody Female loves and is loved by Somebody Male. Then another male is engaged to another female, loving female No. 1. Female No. 1 loves one or two of three males all of whom love round on the edges and among the details. Then the complications begin and somebody is Julietted. After this Vanity did the Italian and then the English, seeking more light. It wasn't easy but he did it. Whether, like the schoolboy who mastered the alphabet, it was worth going through so much to learn so little, Deponent sayeth not. More or less as the case may be.

The plot isn't much worse than the modern average, in fact it isn't half as hopeless as the *Zauberflœte* with the big tin horns, nor is it any sappier than *Trovatore* or *Favorita*.

But it is a grief to see good musical composition wedded to an average *libretto*—and grievier still to hear good singers, true artists, throwing away life and fire on this everlasting old poison and dagger business. 'Tisn't their fault—'tisn't the manager's. They all do their best.

O Dio! Some day there will come along a brave, hearty natural school, which will put as vigorous plots into operas as the Greeks of old did into their dramas—which were really operas too by the way—for they sung them. Then the filagree tags and tinsel of a shabby old romance will be intolerated—excuse the word—and there will be fresh beautiful life in every story—and the Colsons and Brignolis and all other good artists will be encouraged to become great and good dramatists—*in sacula saculorum*.—Amen!

CALL THE ROLL.

Who are our great men?

Jean Paul Richter says "that in times of popular commotion, the strongest men rise to the surface, just as when you shake a bowl of sugar the biggest lumps go to the top," and who are our strong men? Who are they in our present Congress, with minds broad enough to rise above the dirty sea of politics, and speak boldly for the Union? Call the Roll!

Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia.
John J. Crittenden, of Kentucky.
Sherrard Clemens, of Virginia.
Emerson Etheredge, of Tennessee.

Are there any Northern men upon a level with these in the eye of the nation?

And there is a murmur and a buzz among the booths and through the streets of Vanity Fair—and the people crowd together in bunches on the great plates of public places—and they are amazed—but they answer: "Nary one—far as last heard from."

Among our brothers of the press there be many who have spoken good, sound, round words of reason. In the Third Estate there have been and are brave champions who strike manfully for the good cause of Right.

But our Northern statesmen?

Ahem! That's the popular verdict as held by the multitude, at any rate.

The Catawba Band.

It is stated that the Catawba Indians have organized themselves into a regiment for the service of South Carolina. We have no doubt that these allies will be equally an advantage to their friends and a terror to their foes; but considering the practice of removing an enemy's scalp, invariably resorted to by the red warrior, we should suppose that the Indians referred to must be rather of the Heidsick than of the Catawba brand.

"Buffalo Gals."

A Buffalo paper informs us that the ladies of that airy young place have taken to "wearing the Balmoral without any dress *over* it." Now—with all due delicacy and hesitation, and with awful feelings—there's the Balmoral skirt, and there's the Balmoral boot, and we are in a terrible state of mind to know—but we *must* say it—which of those articles is the one referred to by the Buffalo paper. There—we've fainted!

What could He Expect.

BEECHER certainly has no cause to complain of his reception at New Haven, a while ago. His audience did not disturb him while he was off the rostrum, but, indeed, they were inclined to Egg him On!

Pillage.

Mr. BRANDRETH complains to us that having sent a pill to Charleston, the Secessionists "took it."

Conundro-Infinition.

By our Slangular Contributor.

What is skating? A big thing on ice.

Query.

If a Minute-man should fight a duel, would he necessarily have sixty Seconds?

What Rarey does to Horses.

Teaches them to "heed another's Woe."

The Chasm that Swallows up Wit.

Sar-casm.

THE "PHOTOPASTBOARDOGRAPH," OR NEW VISITING-CARD.

Morning Caller.—"MRS. FITZ DULCIMER NOT AT HOME?—WELL, JUST TAKE MY CARD UP, WILL YOU!"

HOLY SEE-CESSION.

Misther VANITY, *cushla machree,*
I must tell ye av somethin' that's new,
That I got aff a man from Loughrea,
Wan MAGEE—
Him that's marrid on Shelee Carew.

Now be aisy an' listen to me,
That is honest, sir, if I am poor—
(We have tin mouths to fill, d'ye see,
Her an' me—
That's my wife I mane, CATHERINE MOORE).

Oul' Cock-eye, on the corner below,
Wrote an article wance—that's oul' BINNET—
On the Pope—och thin how long ago
I don't know;
An' I don't mind the half that was in it.

But on wan part I'm still purty clear—
He invited His Holiness over:
Och it's money himself 'd give here,
Never fear,
An' His Holiness he'd live in clover.

So betune all his thrubles out by,
An' BINNETT a deavin' and dhrummin',
Troth he's go'n' to lave Rome high an' dhry.
By-an'-by,
An' himself an JOHN MITCHELL is comin'.

But he sez, sez he, "*Mhonna mon dhoul!*"
It's not long that I'll stop in New York, or in
Yer oul' Black North at all; it's too cowl';—
But yer sowl!
I'll dhrop in on bould Curnel O'CORCORAN.

"With the brave Sixty-Ninth thin behind
In a stamer, the good yatt Rebacky
Will fetch me an' all thim that's inclined,
D'ye mind,
To the place where we'll get chape tibacky."

An' wance fairly His Holiness lands
At Carlina, they'll sind delegates
From thim parts till ask what's his commands—
How he stands
Forninst formin' the New Roman States.

An' JOHN MITCHELL an' him, sure they say,
Is to sind us a great Alleycution,
For to curse thim by night an' by day.
Land or say,
That'll meddle the Black Instityution.

An' there's more nor that too, I might tell;
But the Pope 'll soon be to the fore,
An' might sind me——But troth I can't dwell,
Very well,
I'm yer sarvent, *acushla.*

TIM MOORE.

"FOOTY."

It is really too bad now, when we are doing all we can to hold the venerable but fearfully agile SANFORD, to have FOOTE of the Navy Yard to take care of at the same time. On the strength of a mere street rumor, started no doubt by apple women and venders of stale peanuts, this Capt. FOOTE calls out the Brooklyn troops to protect the Navy Yard from the seceders—the seceders, as all the little children and every body else except FOOTE, very well know, having about the same idea of taking said yard as they have of carrying the White Mountains to Mississippi. It is too much—SANFORD *and* FOOTE. We could get along with the first party, but must acknowledge an inability to "go" both. VANITY FAIR don't know what measures are on Foot about this, but are certain the measures on FOOTE should be severe and summary.

DANGEROUS ANIMALS.

Hibernian (anxious to sell)—ARRAH! YE BLAGGARD, WOULD YE RUN AWAY AGIN AND KILL ANOTHER MAN, BEFORE I CAN GIT YE UP TO MISTHER RAREY.

The Funniest Thing Out.

Messrs. BARNWELL, ADAMS & ORR, in their letter to the President, say :—

"Your Secretary of War had resigned his seat in the Cabinet, upon the publicly avowed ground that Major ANDERSON had violated the pledged faith of the government, and that unless the pledge was instantly redeemed he was dishonored."

This confusion of terms to a plain man is peculiarly distressing. Why use the term "pledge" at all? Why not speak out frankly, unless the 'Bonds' were instantly redeemed! we all know they were the "pledged faith" of the Government.

The New Quadrilateral.

RAYMOND'S Four Letters to YANCEY.
(Which show him to be A Man for the Times.)

Inscription found on the Money-Bags at Washington.

After us the FLOYD.

Conflicting Politics.

J. B.'s Doubt. Gen. S.'s Redoubt.

Inscription for Fort Sumter.

When taken to be well shaken.

Motto for the Palmetto Republic.

Secedere est secedere.

A Job for Rarey.

To tame the "Cruisers" in Broadway.

ALL HAIL! MONTGOMERY.

Mr. MONTGOMERY, of Pennsylvania, said he had a proposition to make. As an adjustment of the present difficulties was impossible with the present members, owing to their various views, and from the opinions expressed it was apparent that some were not disposed to yield, he therefore proposed that *every member resign his place, and let the people have another election before the fourth of March.* [Cries of "Agreed."]

Give us your hand, Mr. MONTGOMERY. That is the most sensible thing we have heard from Congress lately. Go back to the people, Members-Representatives, and they will tell you in a voice of thunder what is your duty now. Old Pennsylvania, sturdy and honest are your sons, and upon this question they will not fear to speak, so that the whole Country may hear them. Are there not ten righteous men in Sod—we mean Congress, who do not fear to go back to their constituents, and with clean hands and patriotic hearts, ask them to say what is their duty now? Speak out old Dominion! Answer back Empire State! Roll out your approval ye broad prairie States, and from rock-bound New England say, Aye! to the people! let them tell time-servers and traitors to their teeth, that they must decide this question soon without fear or favor, and that the band that binds this great Empire now, shall not be broken.

"DOWN."

A correspondent who has clipped the following from the *World* of Jan. 23, sends it to us with the remark appended:

"MR. WILLIAM MULLIGAN.—This dreadful personage, who habitually promenaded Broadway solely for the purpose of shaving off noses, and removing ears in the most approved manner, now fills, we are informed, the responsible position of waiter at Sing Sing prison, in which capacity he is, if possible, more accomplished than in his former calling. His urbanity in passing a plate of bean soup to a burglar, sent up for thirty years, is only surpassed by his contemptuous manner towards a petty thief, sentenced for twelve months. In this connection, it is impossible to conceive how lenient Mr. MULLIGAN might have been to Mr. FLOYD, ex-Secretary of War, had he been sent to Sing Sing."

"Now, Mr. Editor, is it fair to strike a man this way when he's down?"

Down do you say? We don't see where the "down" comes in. Waiting on "convix" is not to be sure an aristocratic employment, but compared to bullying and shooting, gambling and Coming the Rough in general, it rises to immense respectability. No Sir—the *World* strikes fairly.

FERNANDO FIRST.

Oh FERNANDY's made a proclamashun,
That needs the divil an explanashun;
Hooray byes we'll all of us sing,
For FERNANDY 'll make an illegant king,
Erin E pluribus, unum go braugh,
Hoorah for FERNANDY the One—
Hoorra—a—a—h.

From a dale of power in the worlds,
FERNANDY 'll be king, and all of us lords,
Our ancistors in the auld cauthry,
Were kings and lords of high degree,
Erin E pluribus, unum go braugh,
Hoorah for FERNANDY the One—
Hoorra—a—a—h.

Beautiful fraydom thin there will be,
All of us lords and some jukes do ye see,
And if a Black Republican inpades us
We'll sell him for a nagur to the sesaders,
Erin E pluribus, unum go braugh,
Hoorah for FERNANDY the One—
Hoorra—a—a—h.

Pedagogue's Maxim.

A switch in time saves nine.

ALARMING APPEARANCE OF THE WINNEBAGO CHIEF

CAMERON AT SPRINGFIELD.

CAMERON.—"You've sent for me, and I've come. If you don't want me, I'll go back to my wigwam."